MARVEL

#5

DUGGAN
SAMNEE
WILSON

All-New GUARDIANS of the GALAXY®



I THINK BACK TO THAT TIME BACK ON EARTH AT THE LAKE. THE SUMMER BEFORE MY MOM DIED.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS I LISTENED TO THE BIRDS SING BEFORE THE GUITAR KICKED IN.

I'M KNOWN BY MANY NAMES. *PETER QUILL* WAS MY FIRST.

NOWADAYS I GO BY...

STAR-GOURD!!!

THAT'S NOT MY NAME-- AND YOU KNOW IT!

I'M JUST ›HUFF‹ TRYING TO GET ›HUFF‹ YOUR GOAT.

RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT A BIG PROBLEM.

...THIS WAS ONE OF MY ALL-TIME FAVORITE CASSETTES, AND IT JUST CRAPPED THE BED FOR THE LAST TIME.

HAVE YOU MET MY ELEMENT GUN?

BZZAP

WAI-- WHOA-- AHH!

WHUD

NOW-- WHAT'S MY NAME?

STAR-LORD. I'M ADSIT, FORMERLY OF S.H.I.E.L.D. CURRENTLY I'M--

FLAT ON YOUR ASS.

LISTEN, I'M SHOOTING TO STUN.

SOME OF MY FELLOW NOVAS ARE SHOOTING TO KILL YOU. THEY HATE HUMANS.

I RULED SPARTAX AND SURVIVED THE CANCERVERSE-- I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES AGAINST SOME ROOKIE NOVAS WITHOUT ANY POWERS.

toy.t

OW!

FWOMP

I NEED THIS HEAT LIKE ANOTHER HOLE IN THE HEAD. MY FRIENDS AND I ARE PLANNING THE BIGGEST SCORE THIS GALAXY HAS EVER SEEN.

IT'S ONE LAST SCORE, AND THEN WE CAN GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS.

UGHN!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE GANG IS GOING TO DO WITHOUT ME.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, QUILL.

ROCKET NEEDS TO BUILD A GIANT MECH FOR THIS JOB, AND HE NEEDS THIS GYROSCOPE FOR IT.

AT LEAST... I *THINK* ROCKET NEEDS THIS GYROSCOPE. IF HE WAS JUST MESSING AROUND, I'M GONNA KICK HIS TAIL.

WHUP!

QUILL, WAIT!

OOF!

NICE TO MEET YOU, ADSIT--

--GOOD LUCK REBOOTING THE CORPS, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU ARREST ME RIGHT NOW!

HOP

I DON'T REALLY WANT TO ARREST YOU--

--I WANT TO *ENLIST* YOU.

YOINK

I MUST'VE CLOCKED YOU HARDER THAN I THOUGHT. DID YOU JUST SAY YOU WANT TO ENLIST ME?!

THE CORPS IS IN TROUBLE, QUILL!

I'M GONNA NEED OUTSIDER HELP TO SAVE IT!

THE CORPS IS *ALWAYS* IN TROUBLE. BUT IF IT GETS ***SERIOUS,*** I MONITOR DEEP-SPACE FREQUENCY CHANNEL 18 AT 8.4 GHZ.

Paf

DROP ME A LINE.

FLABOOM

PEOPLE FROM EARTH *ARE* THE WORST.

WE ***LOST*** THANOS!

THE NOVA SHIP HE WAS BEING TRANSPORTED ON ***DISAPPEARED!***

LEMME KNOW HOW THAT WORKS OUT FOR YOU!

THE TRUTH IS, I DO WANT TO HELP THE NOVA CORPS-- I JUST DON'T HAVE THE BANDWIDTH UNTIL THIS OPERATION IS OVER.

BEEP

AUTOPILOT ENGAGED.

NOT TO MENTION THAT HELPING THE CORPS WILL GIVE US ONE HELL OF A GET OUT OF JAIL FREE CARD.

I GOT WHAT ROCKET NEEDED FOR THIS CRAZY MECH HE'S BUILDING...

CLUNK

...NOW I CAN TAKE A LITTLE TIME FOR ME.

GOODNIGHT, SWEET PRINCE.

ACOUSTIC CAS

B

120 EQ

A160

WELL, NOT ACTUALLY PRINCE.

THAT WOULD BE THE ONLY WAY THIS WOULD BE A BIGGER DISASTER.

SOME PEOPLE THINK CONTINUING TO USE PHYSICAL MEDIA IS DUMB.

MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT.

FEAR CANDY

BUT THOSE CHUMPS PROBABLY NEVER HAD TO PACK FOR SPACE WITH JUST A BACKPACK.

TAKING MY MUSIC IS BETTER THAN TAKING NOTHING. THOSE ARE MY TWO CHOICES.

I KNOW I CAN DOWNLOAD EVERY SONG EVER PLAYED ON EARTH ONTO A DRIVE THE SIZE OF MY FINGER, BUT I *LIKE* ANALOG.

IT DEGRADES OVER TIME. LIKE WE DO.

WHY IS IT EVERY TIME I HAVE A QUALITY DEEP THOUGHT IN DEEP SPACE THERE'S NO ONE AROUND FOR ME TO TELL IT TO?

THERE ARE SOME SONGS I DON'T WANT TO GIVE UP. I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THIS TAPE AGAIN, IF I CAN GET THIS SHIP FAR ENOUGH FROM EARTH.

"THE HUMPTY DANCE" IS NEXT AFTER WEATHER AND NEWS.

I'M TEMPTED TO STICK AROUND FOR THAT, BUT I'M ON THE CLOCK.

MORE TO COME ON W-E-C-R.

NOW I JUST FOLLOW THIS VECTOR OUT INTO SPACE UNTIL I GET BACK TO WHEN I NEED TO BE.

AWESOME MIX VOL. 1

THIS IS AS MUCH OF EARTH AS I CAN CARRY.

PUNK MIX !

PUNK MIX

I DON'T KNOW IF THAT MAKES ME HAPPY...

...OR SAD.

LICENSE TO KILL

RED + METH

DEATH

THE SLOW JAMS

I HAVE MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT EARTH. MAYBE IT'S NOT SO GREAT.

DNA

GABRIEL + GENESIS

I MAY LISTEN TO THE CLASSICS, BUT I REFUSE TO LIVE IN THE PAST...

ELECTRONIC MIX 4

SKANKIN' MIX 1ST WAVE 2-TONE

TGIF MIX

ROCKETS FAVORITES

DEATH METAL

DISCO HIP HOP 90S

SPACE JAMS

CROONIN' W/ OL' BLUE EY

TOM WAITS SOME NICK CAVE IN THERE TOO...

STARDUST

BIG BAND

BLONDI

BREAK-UP MIX

DOLLY, WILLIE, JOHNNY

ADVENTURES OF ELERY QUEEN

THE AL

Frank/De Sammy//

CHIP TMN

weir Eddie *vario

BYRNE-HEAD

ATLAS

MARVEL

BMI

N

...EVEN THOUGH I'M BASICALLY TIME-TRAVELING.

SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT THAT VIOLENT MUD BALL I WAS BORN ON, BUT--THE MUSIC IS UNQUESTIONABLY *THE BEST.*

FOR OVER A CENTURY EARTH HAS PUMPED OUT RADIO AND TV SIGNALS. IF YOU POINT YOUR ANTENNA BACK TO OUR PLANET, YOU'LL EVENTUALLY HEAR WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

YOU JUST HAVE TO CATCH UP TO THE WAVE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

THE ONLY TRICK TO AUDIO SURFING IS AVOIDING BLACK HOLES AND NEBULAE AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT WILL BLOCK TRANSMISSIONS.

BLACK MONDAY TANKED THE STOCK MARKET MORE THAN 500 POINTS. FOLKS, THAT'S A LOT OF DEAD STOCKBROKERS.

YOU'RE LISTENING TO THE ZOO!

WELL, I'M IN THE RIGHT DECADE NOW.

BUT THE BENVAR RESTRICTED ZONE IS UP AHEAD. WHAT'S A LITTLE RESTRICTED ZONE BETWEEN ME AND THE LADS?

QUICK AS A FOX, IN AND OUT.

NO BENVARS WILL EVEN KNOW I CROSSED INTO THEIR LITTLE RESTRICTED ZONE

FIVE LIGHT-YEARS LATER

SORRY, I HAD MY MUSIC UP LOUD AND DIDN'T HEAR YOU BENVARIAN GUYS HAILING ME.

YOU FROM EARTH?

YEAH, BUT DON'T HOLD THAT AGAINST ME--I'M ONE OF THE GOOD ONES.

THERE ARE NO GOOD ONES.

BIP BIP BIP BIP

HE'S CLEAN. NO SIGN OF THE TERRAN CYBORG VIRUS.

BIP-DING!

SHIP REGISTRY?

IT'S IN MY... *OTHER* SHIP. MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME? THE NAME'S *STAR-LORD.*

YEAH, ACTUALLY.

YOU'RE THAT GUY. THAT *SPACE PIRATE.*

EARTHLINGS, BJRAN. I TELL YA.

YEAH, SOMETIMES, BUT HOW COME YOU GUYS DON'T REMEMBER ME FOR ALMOST DYING TO STOP THANOS?

SO WHAT BRINGS YOU TO TRESPASS INTO OUR RESTRICTED SPACE?

YOU WANT TO GET SENTENCED TO OUR WORK MINES?

I'M TRYING TO GET BACK TO 1980.

I LOST ONE OF THE BEST SONGS AND I GOTTA GET IT BACK.

IT'S JUST A FEW LIGHT-YEARS BEYOND YOUR SHIP.

HEH. IS THIS *REAL*?

YEAH, ONCE I GET TO 1980, I'LL TAKE WHAT I NEED AND LEAVE YOU GUYS ALONE.

AT LEAST UNTIL MY TAPE BREAKS AGAIN.

snatch

I DON'T GIVE A BLART.

NO SCALES OFF MY LACKWOND.

LET THE BIZARRE CREATURE GO.

THANKS, FELLAS, YOU WON'T REGRET THIS.

BESIDES, HUMANS ARE A REAL MESS TO CLEAN UP WHEN YOU BREAK US OPEN.

YEAH, WE KNOW. GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE CHANGE OUR MINDS.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH EARTH PEOPLE?

I HAVE *NEVER* MET ONE I LIKED.

SO BACKWARDS.

IT'S LIKE AN ENTIRE PLANET OF APES.

ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING.

AND THEY'RE STILL USING *PHYSICAL MEDIA!*

HA-HA-HA.

IMBECILES.

VRRRRNNNN

I RETURN TO MY VECTOR AND LISTEN FOR THE SIGNAL I'VE BEEN CHASING.

RESTRICTED SPACE

PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN WAS INAUGURATED AS THE 40TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES THIS MORNING...

I'M IN THE RIGHT NEIGHBORHOOD, NOW.

REAGAN'S INAUGURATION

TBA IT

TIME TO CUT THE ENGINES AND DRIFT.

I GET READY TO HARNESS THE SIGNAL.

SHRPPT

JUST A COUPLE OF LIGHT-YEARS OUT

GOTTA BE READY

ATLAS

AUDIO CASSETTE

NORMAL BIAS

UR

SUPER SIZE

PACK

KRYAKT

TUK

TAK

EVERYONE AT W-E-C-R IS STILL REELING FROM THE DEVASTATING NEWS OUT OF NEW YORK THIS MORNING...

TZZT

LUNA

...JOHN LENNON WAS SHOT TO DEATH LAST NIGHT BY A DERANGED FAN.

TAK

DISABLE GRAVITY

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. MAYBE... MAYBE **NOBODY** DOES. SO...

...LET'S LISTEN TO WHAT **LENNON** HAS TO SAY. HERE'S AN HOUR-LONG ROCK BLOCK OF HIS MUSIC.

MAYBE HE CAN HELP US MAKE SENSE OF THIS. SOMEDAY.

IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE WHAT HE'S LEAVING BEHIND.

NOTHING'S GONNA CHANGE MY WORLD...

I LISTEN TO THE BIRDS SING BEFORE THE GUITAR KICKS IN.

...IMAGES OF BROKEN LIGHT WHICH DANCE BEFORE ME LIKE A MILLION EYES...

...AND CALL ME ON AND ON...

ACROSS THE UNIVERSE

BLACK SHEEP, SCOUNDRELS, WEIRDOS: PETER QUILL--A.K.A. STAR-LORD--DRAX THE DESTROYER, GAMORA, ROCKET RACCOON, AND GROOT LEARNED TO LOOK AFTER THEIR OWN INTERESTS, THEN DISCOVERED THEY COULD NOT STAND BY WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS IN PERIL. THEY HAVE NO OFFICIAL JURISDICTION, BUT IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE (OR YOU'VE GOT A LINE ON A SCORE) IN THE MILKY WAY, YOU CAN CALL THE...

All-New Guardians of the Galaxy

ISSUE 005

in "Across The Universe"



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Next ISSUE 006



ALSO FROM MARVEL'S GALACTIC REALM...







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